The Land of the Changing Sun.

BY WILL N. HARBEN
AUTHOR OF "WHITE MARIE" "ALMOST PERSUADED" ETC.

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CHAPTER I.

The balloon seemed scarcely to move, though it was slowly sinking toward the ocean of white clouds which hung between it and the earth.

The two inmates of the car were insensible, their faces were bloodless, their cheeks sunken. They were both young and handsome. Harry Johnston, an American, was as dark and sallow as a Spaniard. Charles Thorndyke, an English gentleman, had yellow hair and mustache, blue eyes and a fine, intellectual face. Both were tall, athletic in build and well proportioned.

Johnston was the first to come to consciousness as the balloon sank into a less rarefied atmosphere. He opened his eyes dreamily and looked curiously at the white face of his friend in his lap. Then he shook him and tried to call his name, but his lips made no sound. Drawing himself up a little with a hand on the edge of the basket, he reached for a water jug and sprinkled Thorndyke's face. In a moment he was rewarded by seeing the eyes of the latter slowly open.

"Where are we?" asked Thorndyke in a whisper.

"I don't know," Johnston answered; "getting nearer to the earth, for we can breathe more easily. I can't remember much after the professor fell from the car. My God, old man! I shall never forget the horror in the poor fellow's eyes as he clung to the rope down there and begged us to save him. I tried to get you to look, but you were dozing off. I attempted to draw him up, but the rope on the edge of the basket was tipping it, and both you and I came near following him. I tried to keep from seeing his horrible face as the rope began to slip through his fingers. I knew the instant he let go by our shooting upward."

"I came to myself and looked over when the basket tipped," replied the Englishman. "I thought I was going, too, but I could not stir a muscle to prevent it. He said something desperately, but the wind blew it away and covered his face with his beard, so that I could not see the movement of his lips."

"It may have been some instructions to us about the management of the balloon."

"I think not—perhaps a goodby or a message to his wife and child. Poor fellow!"

"How long have we been out of our heads?" And Johnston looked over the side of the car.

"I have not the slightest idea. Days and nights may have passed since he fell."

"That is true. I remember coming to myself for an instant, and it seemed that we were being jerked along at the rate of a gunshot. My God, it was awful! It was as black as condensed midnight. I felt your warm body against me and was glad I was not alone. Then I went off again, but into a sort of nightmare. I thought I was in hell, and that you were with me, and that Professor Helmholtz was satan."

"Where can we be?" asked Thorndyke.

"I don't know. I can't tell what is beneath those clouds. It may be earth, sea or ocean. We were evidently whisked along in a storm while we were out of our heads. If we are above the ocean, we are lost."

Thorndyke looked over the edge of the car long and attentively; then he exclaimed suddenly:

"I believe it is the ocean."

"What makes you think so?"

"It reflects the sunlight. It is too bright for land. When we got above the clouds at the start it looked darker below than it does now. We may be over the middle of the Atlantic."

"We are going down," said Johnston gloomily.

"That we are, and it means something serious."

Johnston made no answer. Half an hour went by. Thorndyke looked at the sun.

"If the professor had not dropped the compass, we could find our bearings," he sighed.

Johnston pointed upward. Thin clouds were floating above them. "We are almost down," he said, and as they looked over the sides of the car they saw the reflection of the sun on the bosom of the ocean, and a moment later they caught sight of the blue billows rising and falling.

"I see something that looks like an island," observed Thorndyke, looking in the direction toward which the balloon seemed to be drifting. "It is dark and is surrounded by light. It is far away, but we may reach it if we do not descend too rapidly."

"Throw out the last bag of sand," suggested the American. "We need it as little now as we ever shall."

Thorndyke cut the bag with his knife and watched the sand filter through the bottom of the basket and trail along in a graceful stream behind the balloon. The great, flabby bag overhead steadied itself, rose slightly and drifted on toward the dark spot in the vast expanse of sunlit water. They could now clearly see that it was a small island, not more than a mile in circumference.

"How far is it?" asked Thorndyke.

"About two miles," answered the American laconically. "It is a chance for us, but a slim one."

The balloon gradually sank. For 20 minutes the car glided along, not more than 200 feet above the waves. The island was now quite near. It was a barren mound of stone, worn into gullies and sharp precipices by the action of the waves and rain. Hardly a tree or a shrub was in sight.

"It looks like the rocky crown of a great stone mountain hidden in the ocean," said the Englishman. "Half a mile to the shore, 100 feet to the water. At this rate of speed the wind would smash us against those rocks like a couple of birds' eggs dropped from the clouds. We must fall into the water and swim ashore. There is no use trying to save the balloon."

"We had better be about it, then," said Johnston, rising stiffly and holding to the ropes. "If we should go down in the water with the balloon, we would get tangled in the ropes and be asphyxiated by the gas. We had better hang down under the basket and let go at exactly the same time."

The water was not more than 40 feet beneath, and the island was getting nearer every instant. The two aeronauts swung over on opposite sides of the car and, face to face, hung by their hands beneath.

"I dread the plunge," muttered Thorndyke. "I feel as weak as a sick kitten. I am not sure that I can swim that distance, but the water looks still enough."

"I am played out, too," grunted the American, red in the face. "But it looks like our only chance. Ugh! She made a big dip then. We'd better let go. I'll count three, and three is the signal. Now, ready—one, two, three!"

Down shot the balloonists, and up bounded the great liberated bag of gas. The basket and dangling ropes swung wildly from side to side. The aeronauts touched the water feet foremost at the same instant, and in half a minute they rose, not ten feet apart.

"Now for it," sputtered Johnston, shaking his bushy head like a swimming dog. "Look, the shore is not very far." Thorndyke was saving his wind and said nothing, but accommodated his stroke to that of his companion, and thus they breasted the gently rolling billows until finally, completely exhausted, they climbed up the shelving rocks and lay down in the warm sunshine.

"Not a very encouraging outlook," said Johnston, rising when his clothing was dry and climbing a slight elevation. "There is nothing in sight except a waste of stone. Let's go to that point and look around."

The ascent was exceedingly trying, for the incline was steep and it was at times difficult to get a firm footing. But they were repaid for the exertion, for they had reached the highest point of the island and could see all over it. As far as their vision reached there was nothing beyond the little island except the glistening waves that reached out till they met the sky in all directions. High up in the clouds they saw the balloon, now steadily drifting with the wind toward the south.

"We might as well be dead and done with it," grumbled Thorndyke. "Ships are not apt to approach this isolated spot, and even if they did how could we give a signal of distress?"

Johnston stroked his dark beard thoughtfully; then he pointed toward the shore.

"There are some driftwood and seaweed," he said. "With my sunglass I can soon have a bonfire." He took a piece of punk from a waterproof box that he carried in his pocket and focused the sun's rays on it. "Run down and bring me an armful of dry seaweed and wood," he added, intent on his work.

Thorndyke clambered down to the shore, and in a few minutes returned with an armful of fuel. Johnston was blowing his punk into a flame, and in a moment had a blazing fire.

"Good," approved the Englishman, rubbing his hands together over the flames. "We'll keep it burning, and it may do some good." Then a smile of satisfaction came over his face as he began to take some clams from his pocket. "Plenty of these fellows down there, and they are as fat and juicy as can be. Hurry up and let's bake them. I'm as hungry as a bear. There is a fine spring of fresh water below, too, so we won't die of thirst."

They baked the clams and ate them heartily and then went down to the spring near the shore. The water was deliciously cool and invigorating. The sun sank into the quiet ocean and night crept on. The stars came out slowly, and the moon rose full and red from the waves, adding its beams to the flickering light of the fire on the hilltop.

"Suppose we take a walk all around on the beach," proposed the Englishman. "There is no telling what we may find. We may run on to something that has drifted ashore from some wrecked ship."

Johnston consented. They had encompassed the entire island, which was oval in shape, and were about to ascend to the rock to put fresh fuel on the fire before lying down to sleep for the night, when Thorndyke noticed a road that had evidently been worn in the rock by human footsteps.

"Made by feet," he said, bending down and looking closely at the rock and raking up a handful of white sand, "but whether the feet of savage or civilized mortal I can't make out."

Johnston was a few yards ahead of him and stooped to pick up something glittering in the moonlight. It was a tap from the heel of a shoe and was of solid silver.

"Civilized," he said, holding it out to his companion, "and of the very highest order of civilization. Who ever heard of people rich enough to wear silver heel taps?"

"Are you sure it is silver?" asked the Englishman, examining it closely.

"Pure and unalloyed. See how the stone has cut into it and feel its weight."

"You are right, I believe," returned Thorndyke as Johnston put the strange trophy into his pocketbook, and the two adventurers paused a moment and looked mutely into each other's eyes.

"We haven't the faintest idea of where we are," said Johnston, his tone showing that he was becoming more despondent. "We don't know how long we were unconscious in the balloon, nor where we were taken in the storm. We may now be in the very center of the north polar seas—this knob may be the very pivot on which this end of the earth revolves."

The Englishman laughed. "No danger; the sun is too natural. From the poles it would look different."

"I don't mean the old sun that you read so much about, and that they make so much racket over at home, but another, of which we are the original discoverers—a sun that isn't in old Sol's beat at all, but one that revolves round the earth from north to south and dips in once a day at the north and the south poles. See?"

The Englishman laughed heartily and slapped his friend on the shoulder.

"I think we are somewhere in the Atlantic, but your finding that heel tap does puzzle me."

"We are going to have an adventure, beside which all others of our lives will pale into insignificance. I feel it in my bones. See how evenly this road has been worn, and it is leading toward the center of the island."

In a few minutes the two adventurers came to a point in the road where tall cliffs on either side stood up perpendicularly. It was dark and cold, and but a faint light from the moon shone down to them.

"I don't like this," said Johnston, who was behind the Englishman. "We may be walking into the ambush of an enemy."

"Pshaw!" And Thorndyke plunged on into the gloomy passage. Presently the walls began to widen like a letter Y, and in a great, open space they saw a placid lake, on the bosom of which the moon was shining. On all sides the towering walls rose for hundreds of feet. Speechless with wonder and with quickly beating hearts, they stumbled forward over the uneven road till they reached the shore of the lake. The water was so clear and still that the moon and stars were reflected in it as if in a great mirror.

"Look at that," exclaimed Thorndyke, pointing down into the depths. "What can that be?"

Johnston followed Thorndyke's finger with his eyes. At first he thought that

Johnston was blowing his punk into a flame.

it was a comet moving across the sky and reflected in the water, but on glancing above he saw his mistake. It looked at first like a great ball of fire rolling along the bottom of the lake, with a stream of flame in its wake.

CHAPTER II.

The two men watched it for several minutes. All the time it seemed to be growing larger and brighter till, after awhile, they saw that the light came from something shaped like a ship, sharp at both ends and covered with oval glass. As it slowly rose to the surface they saw that it contained five or six men, sitting in easy chairs and reclining on luxurious divans. One of them sat at a sort of pilot wheel and was directing the course of the strange craft, which was moving as gracefully as a great fish.

Then the young men saw the man at the pilot wheel raise his hand, and from the water came the musical notes of a great bell. The vessel stopped, and one of the men sprang up and raised an instrument that looked like a telescope to his eyes. With this he seemed to be closely searching the lake shores, for he did not move for several minutes. Then he lowered the instrument, and when the bell had rung again the vessel rose slowly and perpendicularly to the surface and glided to the shore within 20 yards of where the adventurers stood.

"Could they have seen us?" whispered Thorndyke, drawing Johnston nearer the side of the cliff.

"I think so. At all events, they are between us and the outlet. We may as well make the best of it."

The men, all except the pilot, landed and a dazzling electric searchlight was turned on the spot where Thorndyke and Johnston stood. For a moment they were so blinded that they could not see, and then they heard footsteps, and, their eyes becoming accustomed to the light, they found themselves surrounded by several men, very strangely clad. They all wore long cloaks that covered them from head to foot, and every man was more than 6 feet in height and finely proportioned. One of them, who seemed to be an officer in command, bowed politely.

"I am Captain Tradmos, gentlemen, in the king's service. It is my duty to make you my prisoners. I must escort you to the palace of the king."

"That's cool," said Johnston, to conceal the discomfiture that he felt. "We had no idea that you had a kingdom. We have tramped all over this island, and you are the first signs of humanity we have met."

He would have recalled his words before he had finished speaking if he could have done so, for he saw by the manner of the captain that he had been overbold.

"Follow me," answered the officer curtly, and with a motion of his hand to his men he turned toward the odd looking vessel.

The two adventurers obeyed, and the cloaked men fell in behind them. Neither Johnston nor Thorndyke had ever seen anything like the peculiar boat that was moored to the rocky shore. It was about 40 feet in length, had a hull shaped like a racing yacht, but which was made of black rubber inflated with air. It was covered with glass, save for a doorway about six feet high and three feet wide in the side, and looked like a great, oblong bubble floating on the still, dark water. As they approached the searchlight was extinguished, and they were enabled to see the boat to a better advantage by the aid of the electric lights that illuminated the interior. It was with feelings of awe that the two adventurers followed the captain across the gangplank into the vessel.

The electric light was brilliantly white, and in various places pink, red and light blue screens mellowed it into an artistic effect that was very soothing to the eye. The ceiling was hung with festoons of prisms as brilliant as the purest diamonds, and in them, owing to the gently undulatory movement of the vessel, colors more beautiful than those of a rainbow played entrancingly. Rare pictures in frames of delicate gold were interspersed among the clusters of prisms, and the floor was covered with carpets that felt as soft beneath the foot as pillows of eider down.

As he entered the door the officer threw off his gray cloak, and his men did likewise, disclosing to view the finest uniforms the prisoners had ever seen. Captain Tradmos' legs were clothed in tights of light blue silk, and he wore a blue sack coat of silk plush and a belt of pliant gold, the buckles of which were ornamented with brilliant gems. His eyes were dark and penetrating, and his black hair lay in glossy masses on his shoulders. He had the head of an Apollo and a brow indicative of the highest intellect.

Leaving his men in the first room that they entered, he gracefully conducted his prisoners through another room to a small cabin in the stern of the boat and told them to make themselves comfortable on the luxurious couches that lined the circular glass walls.

"Our journey will be of considerable length," he said, "and, as you are no doubt fatigued, you had better take all the rest you can get. I see that you need food and have ordered a repast which will refresh you." As he concluded he touched a button in the wall, and instantly a table laden with substantial food, rare delicacies and wines, rose through a trapdoor in the floor. He smiled at the expressions of surprise on their faces and touched a green bottle of wine with his white, tapering hand.

"The greater part of our journey will be under water, and our wines are specially prepared to render us capable of subsisting on a rather limited quantity of air during the voyage, so I advise you to partake of them freely. You will find them very agreeable to the taste."

"We are very grateful," bowed Thorndyke from his seat on a couch. "I am sure no prisoners were ever more graciously or royally entertained. To be your prisoner is a pleasure to be remembered."

"Till our heads are cut off, anyway," put in the irrepressible American.

Tradmos smiled good humoredly.

"I shall leave you now," he said. And, with a bow, he withdrew.

(To be Continued.)

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"The first day of this year," writes Mrs. Kate Schey, of 716 St. Paul Avenue, Milwaukee, Wis. "I caught a heavy cold, which settled on my lungs and brought on a hemorrhage. From that time on until the first of April I bled from my lungs five different times. I was so weak and undone I could only do the lightest work. The doctor told me I was going into consumption. My breath was short and at times I could hardly get my breath at all. This is the state I was in when I began to take Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. After the first bottle I was much better, and I could walk two or three blocks without trouble. My breath was not so short and I was much improved. After taking four bottles I could work all day, and I never felt better in my life. I think your medicine the best in the world and I recommend it to all who are troubled as I was."

WILL MAKE AFFIDAVIT.

"I was sick for about three months, had chills, fever, and coughed a great deal," writes Mr. W. L. Brown, of McDearman, Jackson Co., Tenn. "Most of my neighbors and friends thought I had consumption. I was reduced in flesh, and was very weak—only weighed 110 pounds; my physician thought there was little hope for my recovery.

"My wife went to the store to get some antifebrin, quinine, etc., for me and a friend of mine (Mr. W. W. McDearman), who had been taking Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery recommended this medicine for me. Finally I decided to use it, after my physician told me that it would be good for me. I sent and got one bottle, and before all was taken I weighed 149 pounds—a gain of 39 pounds. I am still taking the Golden Medical Discovery, have taken nearly two bottles, and now weigh 163 pounds, which is more than I ever weighed. I am still gaining strength and taking the 'Discovery.' I wish to say that this is a recent recovery, that only two months ago I only weighed about 110 pounds.

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IN the Superior Court, Thurston county, State of Washington.

G. W. Rutledge, Plaintiff, vs. Adolph Rotter and Jane Doe Rotter, his wife, J. M. Arthur & Company, a corporation, and all other parties having or claiming to have any right, title or interest in or to lots 6 and 7, block 38, Rochester's First Addition to Rochester, Thurston county, Washington, Defendants.	Summons by Publication. Foreclosure of Tax Lien.

State of Washington to Adolph Rotter, and Jane Doe Rotter his wife, J. M. Arthur & Company, a corporation, and all persons having or claiming to have any right, title or interest in or to lots 6 and 7, block 38, Rochester's First Addition to Rochester, Thurston county, Washington, Defendants.

You are hereby notified that G. W. Rutledge is the owner and holder of certificate of delinquency number 185 issued by the Treasurer of Thurston county, Washington, on the 16th day of January, 1901, for the sum of $2.68, the same being the amount then due and delinquent for the taxes of the year 1895 together with penalty, interest and costs thereon upon real property assessed to Adolph Rotter, of which you are the owner or reputed owners, or in which you have or claim to have some interest or estate, and which said real estate is situated in Thurston county, Washington, and more particularly bounded and described as follows: Lots 6 and 7, of Block 38, of Rochester's First addition to Rocheston, Thurston county, Washington; that he has paid taxes other than those included in said certificate of delinquency in the sum of $19.57 and which bear interest at the rate of 15 per cent. per annum.

You are further notified that the plaintiff will apply to the Superior Court of the State of Washington for Thurston county for a judgment in the amount of said certificate of delinquency, taxes, interest, penalty and costs, and foreclosing his lien against the property hereinbefore described.

You are hereby notified and summoned to appear within sixty days after Friday, June 5, 1903, the date of the first publication of this summons exclusive of the day of service, and defend this action in the court aforesaid, and pay the amount due; and in case of your failure so to do judgment will be rendered for the amount of said certificate of delinquency, taxes, interest, penalty and costs and foreclosure of plaintiff's lien upon the grounds and premises hereinbefore described, and the same will be ordered sold to satisfy said judgment. Any pleading or process may be served upon the undersigned at the post-office address below stated.

ISRAEL & MACKAY,
Attorneys for Plaintiff.

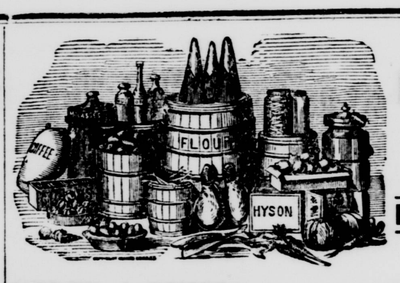
P. O. address: Olympia, Thurston county Washington, Suite 6, McKenny block.

Notice to Creditors.

In the matter of the estate of Amelia Haizeman, deceased.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been appointed Administrator of the estate of Amelia Haizeman, deceased, by the Honorable O. V. Linn, Judge of the State of Washington, for Thurston county. All persons having claims against the said Amelia Haizeman, deceased, or her estate must present the same with necessary vouchers to the undersigned, at the office of Israel & Mackay, Suite 6, McKenny Block, Olympia, Washington, the place of transacting the business of said estate, within one year after the date of the first publication of this notice, or the same will be barred.

JOHN G. HAIZEMAN,
Administrator of the estate of Amelia Haizeman, deceased.



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Probate Notice.

IN the Superior Court of the State of Washington for the county of Thurston.

In the matter of the estate of John Wenger, deceased.

No. ——

Notice of Settlement of Final Account and Distribution of Property.

Notice is hereby given that Charles Wenger, Administrator of the estate of John Wenger, deceased, has rendered and presented for settlement, and filed in the Superior Court of Thurston county, State of Washington, his final account as such Administrator and prayed a distribution of said estate, and that Monday, the 13th day of July, 1903, at 10 o'clock A. M., at the Court Room of said Superior Court, in the city of Olympia, in said Thurston county, has been duly appointed by said Superior Court for the settlement of said final account and distribution of said estate, at which time and place any person interested in said estate may appear and file his exceptions in writing to the said final account on the distribution of said estate and contest the same.

Witness, Hon. O. V. Linn, Judge of the said Superior Court, and the seal of said Court affixed this 2d day of June, A. D. 1903.

[SEAL.]

W. M. NUNN,
County Clerk and Clerk of the Superior Court.
ISRAEL & MACKAY, Attorneys for Administrator.

Date of first publication, June 5, 1903.

IN the Superior Court, Thurston county, State of Washington.

Louis H. Druby, Plaintiff, vs. Alice Druby, Defendant.	Summons by Publication.

The State of Washington to the said Alice Druby, Defendant:

You are hereby summoned to appear within sixty days after the date of the first publication of this summons, to-wit: within sixty days after the 22d day of May, 1903, and defend the above entitled action in the above entitled court, and answer the complaint of the plaintiff, and serve a copy of your answer upon the undersigned, attorneys for plaintiff, at their office below stated; and in case of your failure so to do, judgment will be rendered against you according to the demand of the complaint, which has been filed with the Clerk of said Court. The object of said action being to obtain a decree of divorce between yourself and the plaintiff, on the grounds of cruelty and incompatibility of temper, and because you are a person of such ungovernable temper as to prevent the plaintiff and yourself longer living together.

ISRAEL & MACKAY,
Attorneys for Plaintiff.

P. O. address: Suite 6, McKenny Block, Olympia, Washington.

First publication, May 22, 1903.

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